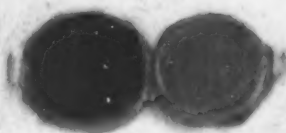


April, 1918

Price 15 Cents

# PUCK



## The Heart of Iris

*Episode V*

Slowly her country's shores recede from view,  
The fond farewells are said, and Iris turns  
Her face toward "Over There," where he awaits  
Her gentle presence, with a heart that yearns

The gladsome love-light leaps into her eyes,  
As hour by hour her journey's end draws near;  
Bravely she faced the perils of the sea,  
That she might join the one she holds so dear.



# Duesenberg

## The Power of the Hour

Aeroplane

Automobile

Marine Engines

THE entire productive ability of the Duesenberg Organization is concentrated on work for the United States Government. We will again be at your service After the War is Won.

DUESENBERG MOTORS CORPORATION, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY  
Contractors to the United States Government

# Should You Be Punished for not Living in New York?

**A**BLOW has been struck at every magazine reader in America. It is proposed to make you pay more after July 1st, 1918, for every magazine and newspaper you wish to read. And this because you do not happen to live within 150 miles of the place of publication. You who live in Illinois or Tennessee will have to pay one price, you who live in Idaho or Colorado will have to pay another, while you who live in Texas or California will have to pay still another and higher price. Why? Because the War Revenue Bill recently passed by Congress contains a clause compelling magazines and newspapers to be mailed on the zone system after July 1st, 1918.

This zone system had already been defeated in the United States Senate. It was tacked on to the War Revenue Bill against the wishes of the majority of the conferees. It had no place there. But the members of the conference were powerless. Delay in passing the War Revenue Bill would have hampered the government. They did not wish to prevent the War Revenue Bill from passing, so they had to yield. This is how this unjust imposition on magazine readers came to be included in the War Revenue Bill where it did not belong.

## The Government Has Always Helped You

For thirty-eight years magazines have been mailed to subscribers all over the United States at the same postal rate. It did not matter whether you lived in the state where the publications were issued or in far away States. One-cent a pound was the cost, and on this basis all magazines have adjusted their business.

Before this one-cent a pound rate went into force, the publishers did not pay the postage on magazines. You subscribers paid it. But when the rate of one-cent a pound became a law, the publishers did not take advantage of it. They passed the saving on to you. The publishers paid the postage on magazines themselves and have been paying it ever since.

## An Illogical Imposition

Now according to this new zone system, the country will be divided up into sections. Those of you who live within 150 miles will not have to pay much more for Puck than you have been paying. But those of you who live in Ohio, or Illinois, or Colorado, or the far west, will have to pay more for Puck, and every other magazine, simply because you do not live near where it is published.

Why should you be punished for not living in the east? Why should you be fined for not living in New York? Is this just? Is it equitable?

**Address your Congressman at the House Office Building, Washington, D. C. If  
you do not know his name your local postmaster will give it to you**

## The Authors' League of America, Incorporated

Rex Beach, President

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—GERTRUDE ATHERTON, GELETT BURGESS, CHANNING POLLOCK, ALICE DUER MILLER, GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON, HARVEY O'HIGGINS, LEROY SCOTT, JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, HELEN S. WOODRUFF.

## The Zone System Is Unnecessary

It is not as if the government needed this money. The Post Office Department has never been considered, and was never meant to be, a money-making institution. It was established, as was the Department of Agriculture, for the benefit of the people. There is no deficit to make up, therefore no increase is necessary. Last year the Post Office Department earned a surplus of nearly \$10,000,000.

The Post Office was never intended as a tax gathering institution. It was basically designed to give service to the people—to all the people at the same rate without discrimination.

## What Canada Does

Canada has been at war since 1914. She has had to raise billions of dollars to prosecute the war. Her Legislatures have left no stone unturned in their efforts to provide revenue to carry on the costly burden of warfare. But in Canada the postal charge for mailing magazines has remained the same as ever—just one-half a cent a pound all over the Dominion. This is just one-half the rate now charged in the United States. The Government of Canada realizes the importance of keeping the country unified by enabling all the people to obtain magazines at the same rate no matter where they live.

## The Senate Is With You

The Senate does not believe, and never has believed, in the zone system. Last summer the Senate defeated a bill which proposed the zone system. It was the opinion of the Senate that the dissemination of information in which the magazines are engaged should not be hampered in any way. The Senate also opposed adding imposition on one section of the country and not on another.

The zone system was tacked on to the War Revenue Bill against the wishes of the majority. It was put through by manipulation. The thing is unjust and unfair. It should be repealed and it can be repealed if you will take prompt action.

## Protest Against the Zone System

If you believe you should not be punished for living away from New York, protest against the zone system. Write to your Congressman and to your Senator telling them that you do not see why you should be fined for living in a state that happens to be far away from where the magazine you wish to read is published. Tell your Congressman and your Senator that you believe that taxation should be made uniform. Draw their attention to Canada. Ask them why our government should place a restriction on reading matter when our neighbor across the border, under similar conditions, does not.



# The AMPICO

## *Reproducing Piano*



*"and now,  
come meet the artist."*

**Y**OUR hostess draws the curtains and you are amazed to find that the finished and thoroughly artistic performance to which you have been listening is not that of a great artist, but the Ampico's reproduction of his playing. The Ampico makes the great music of all ages as accessible as the books in your library. It puts at your command the interpretive art of the greatest living pianists. It delivers to you the whole rich treasure of music, upon which you may draw at will.

The Ampico may also be used as the regular piano for playing manually and as the player-piano, using any standard 88-note roll. The Ampico is completely encased within the piano, so that the superb dignity and grace of Knabe case design is preserved intact.

### The Ampico In The Knabe

*Uprights \$1250 & \$1350*

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Convenient Terms of Payment.

Pianos and Players in Exchange.

Daily Demonstrations in the Ampico Studio.

**Knabe** Warerooms  
Fifth Avenue at Thirty-ninth St.





## Thomas Healy's "SUNKEN GALLERIES"

RESTAURANT  
Broadway at 95th Street

New York's Most Unusual Restaurant. The latest rendezvous of experts in the art of good living. A novel dining establishment with perfect cuisine and service at popular prices. Tea Dansant, every afternoon, three to six. Special Plat-du-Jour every evening. Exquisite music Dancing.

## Youthful Beauty For Any Woman

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to all women who see their beauty vanishing or who have facial lines, wrinkles, or other disfigurements caused by age, illness or anything else.

Multi-tudes of women have found the secret of renewed beauty in Kathryn Murray's remarkable.

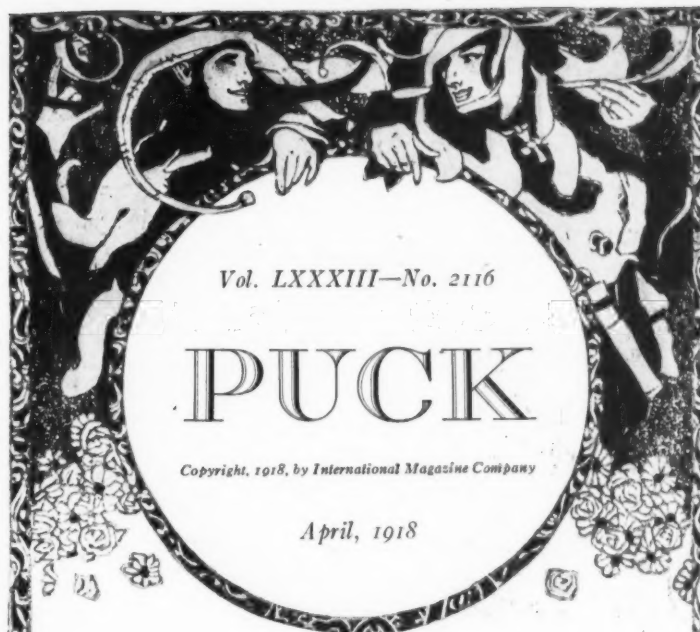
### Facial Exercises

which remove lines, "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth and clear up muddy or sallow skins without the use of cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments, or other artificial means. The Kathryn Murray Method will show you how five minutes daily with these simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

### Results Guaranteed

Write for this FREE BOOK which tells just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.  
Suite 489 Garland Bldg. Chicago, Ill.



### "We Have With Us Tonight—B. L. T."

**D**RAW up a chair for B. L. T.! One more Star hitched to our wagon. B. L. T. shake hands with K. C. B.—and George Jean Nathan—and Stephen Leacock—and Alan Dale—and Bruno Lesing—and Carolyn Wells and a host of other humorists here in Puck, but just at the moment out between the acts."

For the benefit of the uninitiated—if there are any—Bert Leston Taylor is none other than the famous "Line-o-type Man" on the Chicago *Tribune*, who will, beginning with our next number, contribute a page of the crisp comment that has gained for him the reputation of being the most widely quoted "column" conductor of the newspaper world.

This is just one surprise! Here is another: To make PUCK as good as we want it to be we must have a whole lot more time between issues. Puck will, therefore, appear as a monthly, reaching the reader as near the tenth of each month preceding its date of issue as the clogged and congested condition of our wartime mails will permit.

As a monthly, Puck will be larger, more carefully planned and more effectively illustrated than ever before. Its scope will be broadened in every department, and as rapidly as new features are developed they will be added regardless of cost.

The fortnightly was the first logical move toward a more carefully conceived journal covering the lighter side of life, the drama and the smarter tendencies of the day. The reception accorded Puck in this form demonstrated the correctness of our view, but even the two-week period we found operated against the editorial and mechanical perfection which present day magazine readers have been led to expect, and in which Puck expects to excel.

G. L. WILLSON, President  
JOSEPH A. MOORE, Vice-President JULIAN M. GERARD, Treasurer  
W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York  
15 cents a copy \$1.50 per year  
(Trade-Mark Registered in the United States and Great Britain)

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Address all Communications:  
PUCK 119 WEST FORTIETH STREET NEW YORK CITY

## Flowers for Easter



### Send Flowers Abroad

Deposit money with any branch of the American Express Company requesting them to forward same with order to Stumpp either by letter, telegraph or cable and your flowers will be delivered anywhere in the United States or Europe that same day.

**G.E.M. Stumpp**

New York's Favorite Flower Shop  
Fifth Avenue at 58th Street  
New York

Cable address—Stumppflor, New York

## New Gowns From Old!

Why not look up-to-date at all times?

The effect of your gown is lost, unless the lines and the blending of colors are fashioned to suit your individuality, and to accord with the present mode.

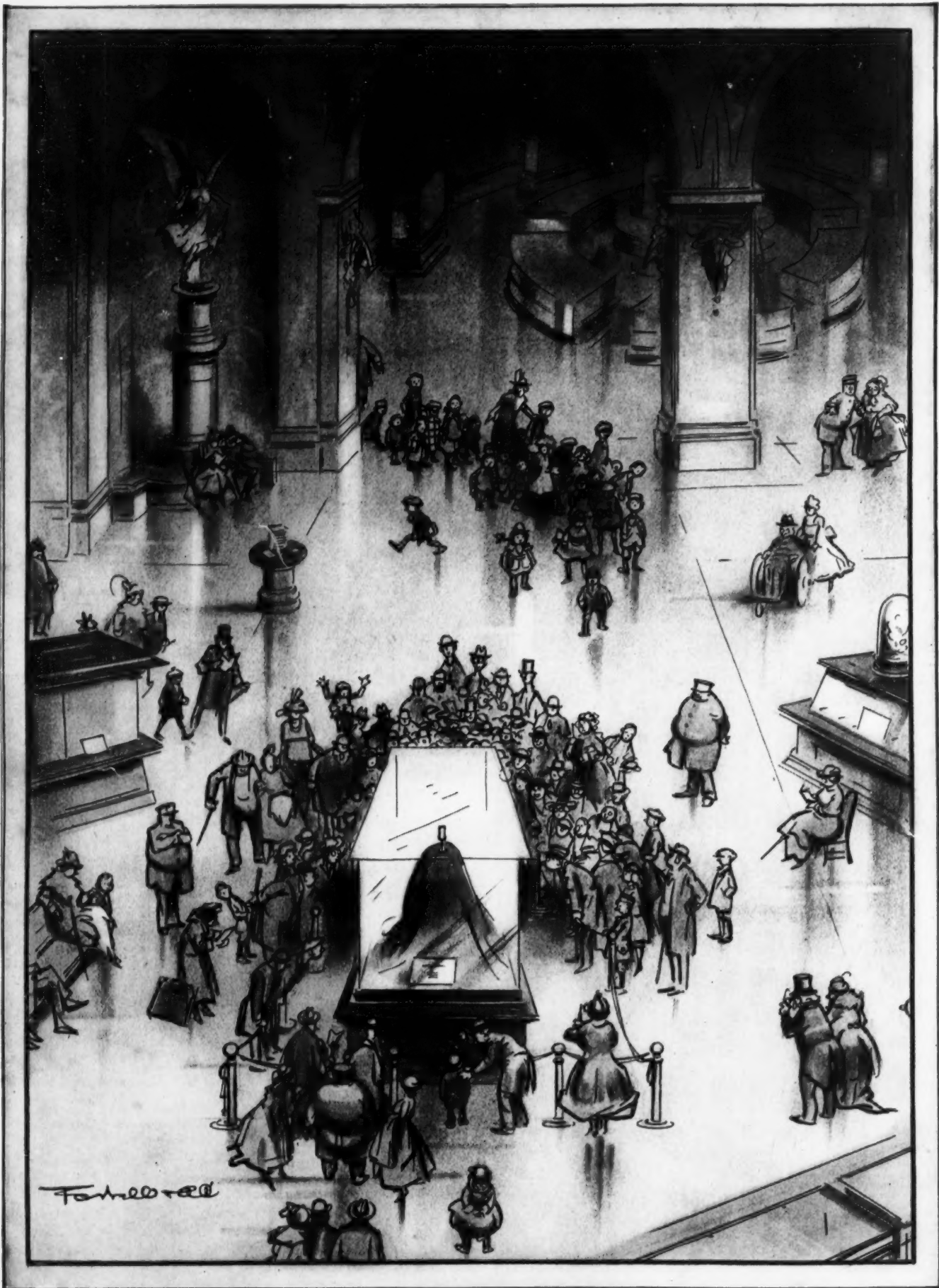
Let me transform your old gowns. Let me show you what I can accomplish with a gown you may consider entirely unbecoming or out-of-date. I have made an extensive study of the Art of Remodeling, and shall be glad to give you the benefit of my ideas and wide experience. My moderate prices will surprise you.

New Gowns of smart design for Afternoon and Evening Wear; also Suits, Sports Coats, etc.

Write, or if in town call, and I shall be glad to serve you.

### Mme. Blair

132 W. 91st St., New York  
Tel. 4884 Riverside



The great Kohinoor lump of sugar, loaned by J. P. Vanderfeller.



# What Fools These Mortals Be!

**T**HERE is a saying that March dust is gold dust, but will please Mr. Garfield and about a hundred million of his fellow citizens if it turns out to be coal dust this year.

Mars, notes the Kaiser, is shining with far less brilliancy and lustre than it displayed, say, two years ago. Something seems to have bumped its orbit.

A lot of important gentlemen are worried. They want to know if they are to have their railroads back at the close of the war. Anybody can see that, under government control, there might be awkward barriers in the way of such practices as wrecked the New Haven road so profitably. There are grounds for worry.

Fortunately, for the peace of mind of the young and ardent, the Government contemplates no meetless days.

Ultimately, perhaps, man will display the same consideration for himself and his brethren that he now shows for game of various kinds. If human slaughter can be checked in no other way, why not institute a number of "closed seasons"? Surely, man is as well worth conserving as quail, grouse or deer.

A piece from London tells how Englishmen are losing much of their old-time reserve in consequence of German air raids. Which, it seems to us, is entirely natural. When one is digging for shelter, one is quite likely to meet, even to converse with, "people one doesn't know."

Iron-handed methods are said to be plainly foreseen in Germany. An iron hand feels a lot different from an Iron Cross, especially when it's pinned upon one's chest.

What might have been called a "Spring offensive" was the sight of girls wearing straw hats during the coal-shortage zero-weather combination.

Occasionally, there crops out an indication that certain old-line politicians of the stand-pat school wish it was Neptune that was being made safe for democracy, rather than the earth. Neptune is the planet which is farthest away.

The chances are that the Czar is a much better card player than he was in the old days. He has probably sensed by this time the unwisdom of overbidding one's hand.

The Ice Trust looks forward to the coming summer with equanimity. It deals in a commodity which nobody as yet has succeeded in hoarding.



There was quite a stir in the world one time over the blunt, uncouth character of "shirt-sleeve diplomacy." But that was before the Russian Bolsheviks took even diplomacy's shirt. There is something almost—one might say—naked about European diplomacy nowadays. It doesn't seem like the same old guile.

The Hon. Charles Evans Hughes and Major John Purroy Mitchel may think, in their own inmost minds, that the surest way for America and her allies to win the war would be to have Theodore Roosevelt openly espouse the cause of the Kaiser.

It is more than possible that the Prussian war party looks upon the Russian peace parleyists as "a little group of wilful men."

Kings will be in so bad after this war is over that it will be taking a risk even to give a guest "a royal welcome."

Representative Slep of Virginia proposes that the second-class mailing privilege be denied to any newspaper "which has not had a consistent editorial policy for thirty consecutive days in any calendar year." As a rider to this resolution, we suggest that the Congressional pork privilege be denied to any congressman or senator who is ever found guilty of inconsistency.

Diogenes' difficulty in locating with his lantern one honest man may possibly have been due to a number of unrecorded lightless nights.

Colonel Roosevelt's efforts to get actively into the war game have still to be crowned with com-

plete success. But he's right behind the line of scrimmage, waiting to fall on the ball in case there's a fumble.

We sometimes wonder if Pharoah didn't lie down in that little affair at the Red Sea. Surely, it couldn't have been much worse than the mud in Flanders.

Strange and wholly irresponsible thought: What has become of the open carriage in which the Kaiser and King George rode through London? There should be a place for it in the International Museum of Suppressed Curiosities.

"It has often seemed to me that the most unfortunate thing that ever happened in this country was the fact that an unorganized militia at Bunker Hill was able to defeat an organized army of Great Britain."

—Senator Chamberlain.

And Massachusetts, in her thoughtless way, celebrates the fact.

There are those who think the heir to the Crown of Germany may in time be willing to compromise in favor of a neat, well fitting derby.

The Kaiser's resemblance to Napoleon is marked in the extreme. Napoleon wore a long gray overcoat; and so does Wilhelm.

Old King Cole has to get along with just a phonograph or a player-piano these days. His "fiddlers three" have all been interned as enemy aliens.

It would in no wise mar the religious significance of the time if we should have a hot-cross-bunless Good Friday.

When the world is made safe for democracy, there will be upwards of one hundred million names in "Who's Who In America."

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"; though truly, as the late Thomas Gray did not remark, the paths of profiteering lead but to Palm Beach.

Woman's understanding of matter political is strictly of recent development. Eve was a novice in politics; otherwise, she would have passed up the apple for a plum.

There was a story in our school reader about a little boy who saved Frederick the Great, from being poisoned. Frederick was the founder of the house of Hohenzollern. The little boy in the story took a fierce responsibility.

"A little more grape, Captain Bragg," is an expression—hitherto cherished—which will pass out of American history, once the Prohibition amendment is ratified.





Fashion's frills give no such  
thrills!  
I dress plainly, but so  
neatly.  
For my native land, I show  
where I stand,  
But I do it most discreetly.

## "Carrying On"

by  
GUSTAV MICHELSON

The Kaiser's war-aims may  
be bad,  
(We'll change them when  
we're ready!)  
But it really makes me very  
sad  
To see our own men so  
unsteady.



A soldier's place is at the Front  
Up forward to deploy,  
But, they seem to learn I'm far astern,  
With transports of great joy.



Some girls go in for Hoover's helps,  
Others go in for knitting;  
When it comes to work I never shirk,  
Or waste in idle sitting;  
By happy chance, I know a dance,  
At Camp I thought I'd try it  
T'was a Turkish Trot—believe me or not—  
It almost caused a riot!

A pretty compliment, with most delicate  
intent,  
Sometimes misses fire through its beauty;  
Every day for hours, to play target for their  
flowers  
Is trying—but I guess it is my duty.

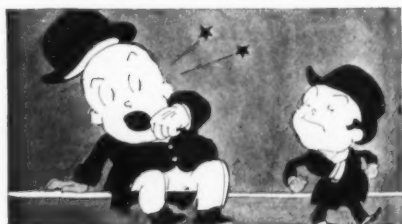


# On the Other Hand

by K. C. B.



**I** SAW a sign.  
**IN A NEW YORK** street car.  
**AND A PICTURE** of a woman.  
**GETTING OFF** the car.  
**AND SHE WAS** standing there.  
**ON HER** two feet.  
**AND UNDERNEATH** the picture.  
**THERE WAS** a line.  
**"THE RIGHT** way."  
**AND ANOTHER** picture.  
**OF ANOTHER** woman.  
**GETTING** off the car.  
**AND HER** two feet.  
**WERE UP** in the air.  
**AND HER** head.  
**WAS JUST** hitting the pavement.  
**AND underneath.**  
**THERE** was a line.  
**AND it** said.  
**"THE WRONG** way."  
**AND I ASK** you.



**IF YOU** don't think.  
**IT'S A** waste of space.  
**TO PRINT** anything.  
**SO PERFECTLY** obvious.

**AND DURING** the cold spell.  
**AND THERE** wasn't any coal.  
**THERE WAS** a large man.  
**WITH A** red face.  
**AND HE** said out loud.  
**IN A** street car.  
**THAT HE** should worry.  
**HE HAD** enough coal.  
**TO LAST** him till May.  
**AND THERE** was a little man.  
**JUST GETTING** out.  
**AND HE** heard him.  
**AND STOPPED** in front of him.

**AND SLAPPED** him in the face.  
**AS HARD** as he could.  
**AND BEAT** it.

**AND THE ONLY** trouble.  
**ABOUT THE** daylight law.  
**AND TURNING** the clocks back.  
**OR TURNING** them ahead.  
**OR WHATEVER** I do.  
**IS THAT** I'm going to know.  
**THAT AT** 8 A. M.  
**IT'S** really 7.  
**AND I'M** going to cheat.



**AND** anyway.  
**THE COLD** weather.  
**AND THE** coal shortage.  
**THROUGHOUT** the east.  
**PUT AN** awful crimp.  
**IN THE** number of men.  
**WHO GO** around bragging.  
**THEY WEAR** the same weight.  
**ALL THE** year around.

**AND WITH** the people.  
**OWNING THE** railroads.  
**WHAT'S TO** hinder us.  
**FROM ALL** going south.  
**IF IT** ever happens.  
**THERE'S ANOTHER** coal shortage.

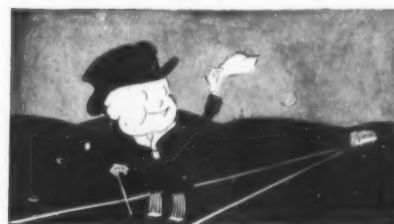


**AND JUST** at the time.  
**THE PEOPLE** of the east.  
**WERE** shivering.



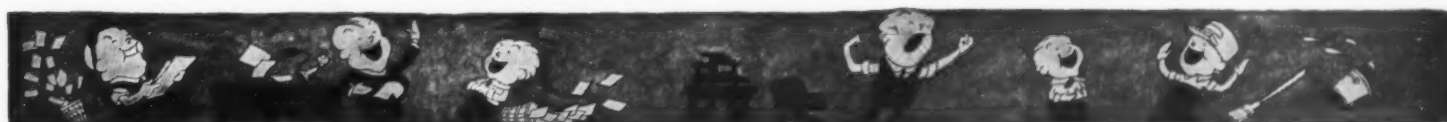
**AND** crying.  
**INTO EMPTY** coal bins.  
**ALONG CAME** California.  
**WITH A** lot of ads.  
**ABOUT** sunshine.  
**AND ORANGE** blossoms.  
**AND WE'D** read them.  
**AND COUNT** our money.  
**AND HATE** everybody.  
**AND everything.**

**AND THE** man who said.  
**THAT GIVING** aid and comfort.  
**TO THE** enemy.  
**WAS PAYING** alimony.  
**TO HIS** late wife.  
**WAS A** bright man.  
**BUT A** poor picker.



**AND** now.  
**THAT IN** the street cars.  
**THERE ARE** women conductors.  
**FIRST THING** we know.  
**WHEN WE'RE** late.  
**FOR OUR** evening meal.  
**WE'LL BE** asked.  
**WHY WE** didn't get off.  
**AT OUR** own street.

**AND I'VE** counted these lines.  
**AND SO** far as I know.  
**THERE ARE** just enough.  
**TO FILL** this page.  
**AND I'LL** see you again.  
**AND** good bye.





# How to Win the War

by A VETERAN STRATEGIST

*Staff Military Expert of The New York Metropolis; author of "How To Win The War" (published by E. P. Mutton and Co., 1914), "How To Win The War" (published by the Hitten Muffem Co., 1915), "How To Win The War" (published by God Speed and Company, 1916), and "How To Win The War" (published by Carper and Brothers, 1917.)*

**Editor's Note:** It is a distinct privilege to be able to present to the public, through Puck, this authoritative article by so well-known a military analyst and war strategist. The writer, who must remain anonymous, will be remembered for his now famous prediction, in August, 1916, of the outcome of the Battle of St. Valery-en-Caux, which would have been correct in the minutest detail had the battle taken place, and for his even more remarkable—indeed, uncanny—prognostication in 1915, anent the turning of the Greek left wing by the Huns between Stymphalos and Zakholi, a prognostication that needed but the turning of the Greek left wing by the Huns between Stymphalos and Zakholi to make it the most astounding prediction ever made by a military expert.

**A** CLOSE scrutiny of the present military situation on the Western Front reveals several important, albeit hitherto unnoticed, facts. And it is unquestionably because these facts have not been taken into consideration by the commanders of the Allied armies that the war has not long since been pushed to a successful conclusion. Although my observations of armies in the era preceding this war have been confined to two—Coxey's and the Salvation—these observations have since proved invaluable in that they have persuaded me, and emphatically, that were the Allied generals to follow the strategy of the above two armies in the offensive against the Boches, the latter would promptly be driven back onto German soil.

In the first place, my study of the Salvation Army has brought me to the conclusion that the tambourine and bass-drum should be substituted by the Allies for their present military bands. The reason for this is simple. First, the average military band is made up of 24 men, a clear waste of 22 men who might be placed under arms were the band reduced to the Salvation size. Second, the average military band, though it contains 24 men, actually never has more than 22 men playing at one time (a sheer waste of two potential rifle-bearers) since the trombone player spends most of his share of every other selection pouring out the saliva that has accumulated in his trombone during the previous selection and since the bass-drummer makes so much racket no one can ever hear the flute player anyway. And third, a military band—and this is the most important of my observations—cannot assist in the demolition of the

enemy as might a Salvation Army band. Let me make myself clear.

It is a conceded fact that no one has ever been able to resist the impulse to stop for at least a moment at a street-corner where a Salvation Army band is playing, nose up to the crowd and listen to Sister Susie souging scherzos for Christian soldiers. This fact Generals Pershing, Haig, et al., have completely overlooked. I understand that there are at present 694 military bands attached to the Allied armies on the Western Front. As each of these bands contains approximately 24 men, this makes a grand total of 16,656 musicians. Put the Salvation Army system into effect, i.e., divide these musicians into bands of two each, a bass-drum and a tambourine, and you have one-half of 16,656 or exactly 8,328 bands in place of the present meagre 694. These 8,328 Salvation Army bands would, true enough, require, and

immediately, 4,164 tambourines, but these might be obtained without delay by requisitions from the 4,164 Spanish dancers dancing at the present time in the cabarets between Forty-second Street and Healy's. Once these 8,328 Salvation Army bands were outfitted, all that would remain to be done would be (1) to instal them at 8,328 street-corners of a dozen villages and towns near the firing-line and (2) draw back the Allied lines under cover of night to a point directly back of the villages and towns. The result is apparent. Immediately the Germans learned of the Allied retreat, they would forge forward in pursuit. But while forging forward, they would hear the 8,328 tambourines and bass-drums on the street corners of the villages and towns and would, by the conceded fact, be unable to resist stopping, listening for a moment and cracking a joke or two at the tambourine brother. And then, while the Germans were thus off their guard, the Allied armies might softly sneak forward, surround the villages and towns and capture the whole lot of them!

Just as my knowledge of the Salvation Army here opens up this vista of an easy and certain victory for our Allied forces, so the months of my service in Coxey's Army have made me privy to still another strategic move that, did the Allied Generals but know it, would promptly force the Huns back upon their haunches and insure a complete Allied triumph in less than three months. Coxey's Army, you will recall, had no quartermaster's department; that is, it had no quartermaster's department unless some kind-hearted housewife along the line of march opened her kitchen door half an inch and slipped out a piece of pie. But pieces of pie were generally forthcoming: And why, pray? Because of what I may term the great General Coxey's "sympathy" strategy. General Coxey knew—wise soldier that he was!—that no housewife could resist the appeal of his tattered, lean, collarless, shirtless and shoeless troopers. Does the idea so far as it relates to our Allied armies begin to suggest itself to you? If not, here it is.

Let Generals Haig, Pershing, et al., command their troops to make up like hoboes, then send them back to America, let them ship immediately back to Sweden, from Sweden gradually sneak in groups of two and three across to Holland and from

(Continued on page 32)



"Yes, my dear, you don't know how proud I am of that service flag. Just think—three footmen and a chauffeur!"





## Why Marry?

*Photo by Goldberg*

*—No, not necessarily Miss Estelle Winwood, but that happens to be the title of the play in which she and Nat Goodwin, among others, are endeavoring to answer the perplexing question.*

*April, 1918*

## "Seven Days' Leave, Oh Boy!"

*"On leave" these days means that at least one evening will be spent admiring Miss Miriam Collins in "Seven Days' Leave"—*

*to be followed as soon as possible by a visit to "Oh, Boy," where Miss Florence Maguire numbers her khaki-clad devotees by army corps.*

*Photos by Abbe*





*This petite Egyptienne (Miss Beatrice Dakin) "does her bit" at the Winter Garden.*

## The Three Graces

*While Miss Fay Marbe lends lustre to the perennial "Oh, Boy!"*



*Would you recognize Miss Helen Falconer as Cicely, the little country girl in "Jack O'Lantern"?*



# A Tiger Rose

by ALAN

**I**T is really quite wonderful how kindly and how gracefully the young actress of today takes to being chatted with "for publication," as it were. She is self-controlled, self assertive, and almost spectacularly simple—quite a contrast to the ladies I used to commune with, umpty-s'teen years ago. She puts you at your ease, even before it is time to get there; she dominates a situation that was formerly yours, and she says only the things that she wants to say—nothing more.

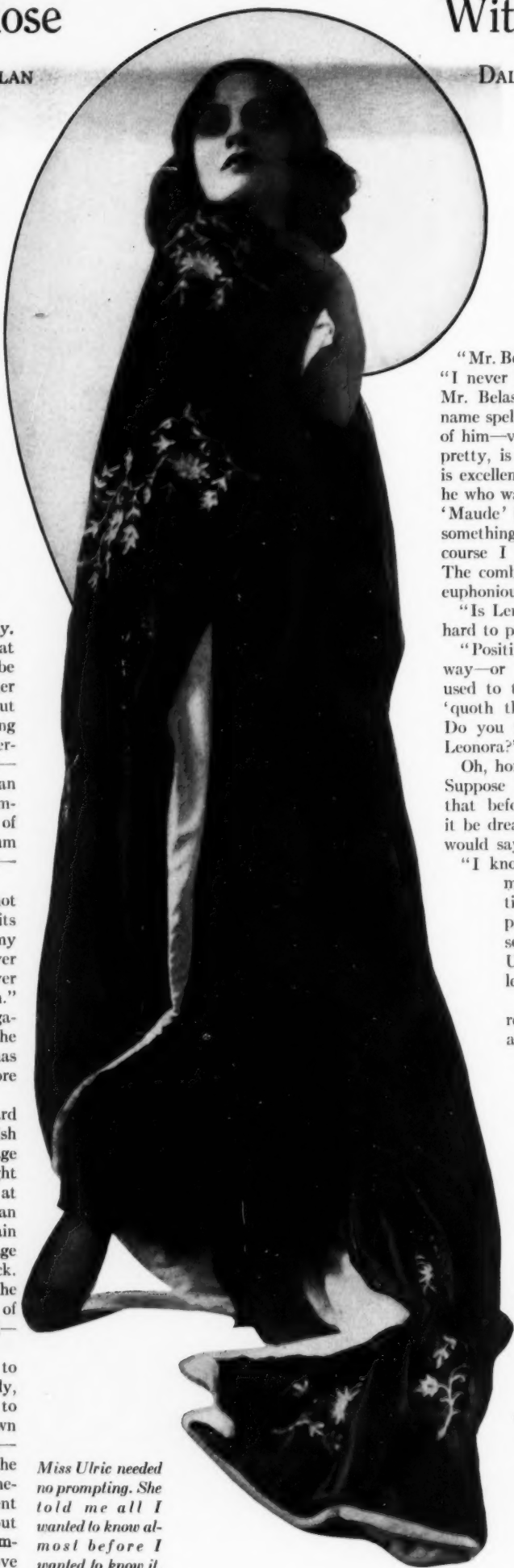
I never used to go to the theatre dressing-rooms to meet these interesting young things. Oh, no. I went to their apartments, where they set the stage, arranged everything picturesquely, and made me feel that I was expected. It was all pleasingly stereotyped. But now—well, I rather prefer the dressing room, with its "atmosphere," and its freedom from restraint—also its freedom from the conventional adornments of "home." After all, a dressing-room is an actress's home, and her apartment is just a sort of epilogue. And really I dislike epilogues intensely.

In the case of Miss Lenore Ulric—I knew that she was one of those newcomers who would be perfectly easy and pleasant, and candid—in her theatre surroundings. Why should I bother about her home, and worry the poor girl into securing a mother and a dog? Just as I can judge a performance in an empty theatre, minus an audience—and get things tolerably straight, too—so I can form an estimate of any actress in her unencumbered dressing-room, minus the stage settings of home. So I merely telephoned to the Lyceum Theatre that I planned to call upon Miss Ulric—and just called!

Note please, that it is Miss Ulric—and not Ulrich, as it was when "Tiger Rose" began its career at the Lyceum. Somebody called my attention to the change, otherwise I should never have noticed it. It was the first time I had ever heard of an American actress dropping an "h." I thought that such carelessness was the prerogative of the cockney lady—though to be sure, she drops it at the beginning, whereas Miss Ulric has eliminated it at the finale, which is so much more dramatic!

The matinee was just over, and I had heard the star uttering her pretty little cries of anguish in the last scene, as I awaited her. The stage hands were ready to prepare things for the night performance. I may remark that as I stood at the wings I very nearly made a metropolitan debut. You see I didn't realize that the curtain was still up, and I was about to cross the stage when a doughty gentleman plucked me back. If he had not done so, I might have been on the road to a stellar career under the guidance of David Belasco. Fate was either kind or unkind—I'll leave you to decide which.

Miss Ulric was ready almost instantaneously to receive me. Her emotion left her immediately, and from suffering maidenhood, she leaped to everyday courtesy. Her hair was streaming down her back, her "make-up" still lurked unbalked—and it all made me feel quite Tiger-Rose-y. The little actress looked like a picture—and by-the-bye, she has made many. She is an intelligent looking personette, not precisely pretty, but certainly magnetic. She started talking immediately, and made a great hit with me. I love



*Miss Ulric needed no prompting. She told me all I wanted to know almost before I wanted to know it.*

# Without a Thorn

DALE

'em when they get busy without my aid. I just sit there, listen, and sift it all afterwards to suit my fell purpose.

Little Miss Ulric scarcely needed any prompting. She told me all I wanted to know almost before I wanted to know it, and I felt quite grateful. Of course I put a few questions, just to show that I was on earth, but they were very few, and very far between.

"Why did you drop your 'h'?" was one of mine.

"Mr. Belasco did it for me," was the quick reply. "I never knew I was Miss Ulric until one night Mr. Belasco showed me a programme with the name spelled in that way. I thought it very kind of him—very thoughtful, because 'Ulrich' is not pretty, is it? Then, I believe that Mr. Belasco is excellent at names. I heard that it was really he who was responsible for Miss Adams becoming 'Maude' instead of 'Maudie.' Also that he had something to do with Mary Pickford's title. Of course I am only saying what I have heard. The combination of 'Lenore' and 'Ulrich' is not euphonious, was it?"

"Is Lenore really your name?" I asked. It is hard to pronounce.

"Positively," was the reply. "I was born that way—or at least christened that way. They used to tease me about the 'lost Lenore'—and 'quothe the Raven' and all that sort of thing. Do you think it would be better if I made it Leonora?"

Oh, horror! I felt I was on dangerous ground. Suppose I advised "Leonora" and she became that before the evening performance—wouldn't it be dreadful for me? I wondered what Belasco would say.

"I know I haven't a good stage name," she mused. "Oh, I have felt that many times, and I really think that much depends upon a pronounceable name. It seems hard work for people to say 'Lenore Ulric'. Tell me, do you think I should let it remain?"

For one so young, she seemed to be very reckless about names. She looked at me as though one word from me would change all her life, and I began to wish I hadn't been so inquisitive. She was "all wrought up" about her name. I thought of all sorts of names that would fit her, but lacked the courage to mention them. In fact, I was getting what they call in the classics "cold feet," because she harped so persistently upon the subject.

"I never think that mere name matters," I said finally, but perhaps without proper conviction. "The actress makes the name—not the name the actress." (I thought that rather pretty, and I got it off very glibly). "I consider that 'Lenore Ulric' without the 'h' quite susceptible to popularity. You can trust Belasco. He knows."

I mopped a damp forehead. I was anxious, for I seemed to be doing horrid things, and disarranging stars. The names I like are quite high-falutin'. I have a tendency to names like Gladys de Montmorency, or Hyacinth Ponsonby. They are so full of

character! But I could not say that to Miss Ulric.

"I've only been on the stage seven years," she said girlishly, as though in extenuation of her name. "I played stock, in my home town—"

"And I feel sure it was some quaint little, remote, mountain region, far from the madding world," I interposed poetically.

"Perhaps," she replied. "I was born in Milwaukee, and that answers all the requirements, doesn't it? It was there that I first did stock work, and then I came to Schenectady, where I did more stock. And let me tell you that it was a valuable experience."

"They all say it," I retorted, for it is a *stock* remark.

"It is true," she repeated. "Stock work takes off the raw edges, and gives a girl some sort of confidence in herself. She learns the technique of the stage, and later, when she comes to New York, she is not a hopeless amateur. I even played Shakespeare in stock. I appeared in 'Twelfth Night.' I have acted many rôles, but I hope that I have found myself in emotional work." She paused, and I interrogated dutifully.

"Emotional work appeals to me much more strenuously than does comedy. Oh, I know it is a good thing to make people laugh—I quite see that—but I prefer the other kind of work. I can cry so easily. I can cry for instance in 'Tiger Rose' much more readily now, after the long run, than I could at first. I understand the part better, and that makes it more—cry-able."

"Real tears?"

"Absolutely," she insisted. "No glycerine for me. When I was in pictures I was also able to weep. It is not easy to weep in pictures, and it was only after the director had talked at me for fifteen minutes, in the effort to make me realize the significance of the scene, that I was able to

get to the tear-shedding point. But I managed to get there, and without the aid of the preparations that some picture people use for the purpose."

Slight switch to pictures!

"I never became picturized," she explained smiling. "You see, I did pictures for a time, then left them, and then went back. In that way, I avoided what many people call their influence. They do make one dreadfully self-conscious. I was always worrying about my face, and the right angle at which I should hold it. Mr. Belasco had to undo all that, and it was not easy. I found that I looked my best holding my head slightly down, so I started playing all my scenes that way. Of course, Mr. Belasco saw that I was just 'picturizing' and soon he managed to get that out of my system. Oh, he is a wonderful person."

I fancy that I have heard that before—once or twice. It is not an original remark, but it is always interesting—not to be sneezed at.

"He let me do much as I like," she continued—and I *could* have added (but didn't) that it must have been much as *he* liked—"I had been told that I should be dragged round the stage by my hair, and all those stories, you know, I confess that I was rather frightened, because my hair is quite nice, and I was not anxious to have it used for dragging purposes. However, I never discovered anything at all terrifying in Mr. Belasco. I think that he

"They used to tease me about the 'lost Lenore', and 'quoth the raven', and all that sort of thing."



The little actress looks like a picture.



consults his actors considerably, and is most kind and courteous, always. That has been my experience."

She talked very rapidly, and paused occasionally to ask me if I was comfortable. She wondered if the dressing-room was too warm, or if my chair was pleasant. In fact, she did the hostess admirably.

"I am a great theatre-goer," she said naively. "Or at least I was. I used to go to the play every night. I was miserable if I missed a night. I could sit in the theatre all the time, and be perfectly happy. Nothing bores me, and I discover something interesting in every production. They used to laugh at my enthusiasm. I guess I covered more performances in a week than you ever do."

I didn't quite realize how that could be possible, unless Miss Ulric went to each show twice. I admit that I never do that.

"I have been studying Madame Sarah Bernhardt. I never saw her when she was at her best, in fact I never saw her at all until recently. I loved her work and can (Continued on page 33)



## “An Apple a Day—”

*Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

*The presence of the fall of man may or may not be symbolical, but certainly all New York has fallen in love with the dancing of Miss Dorothy Dickson.*



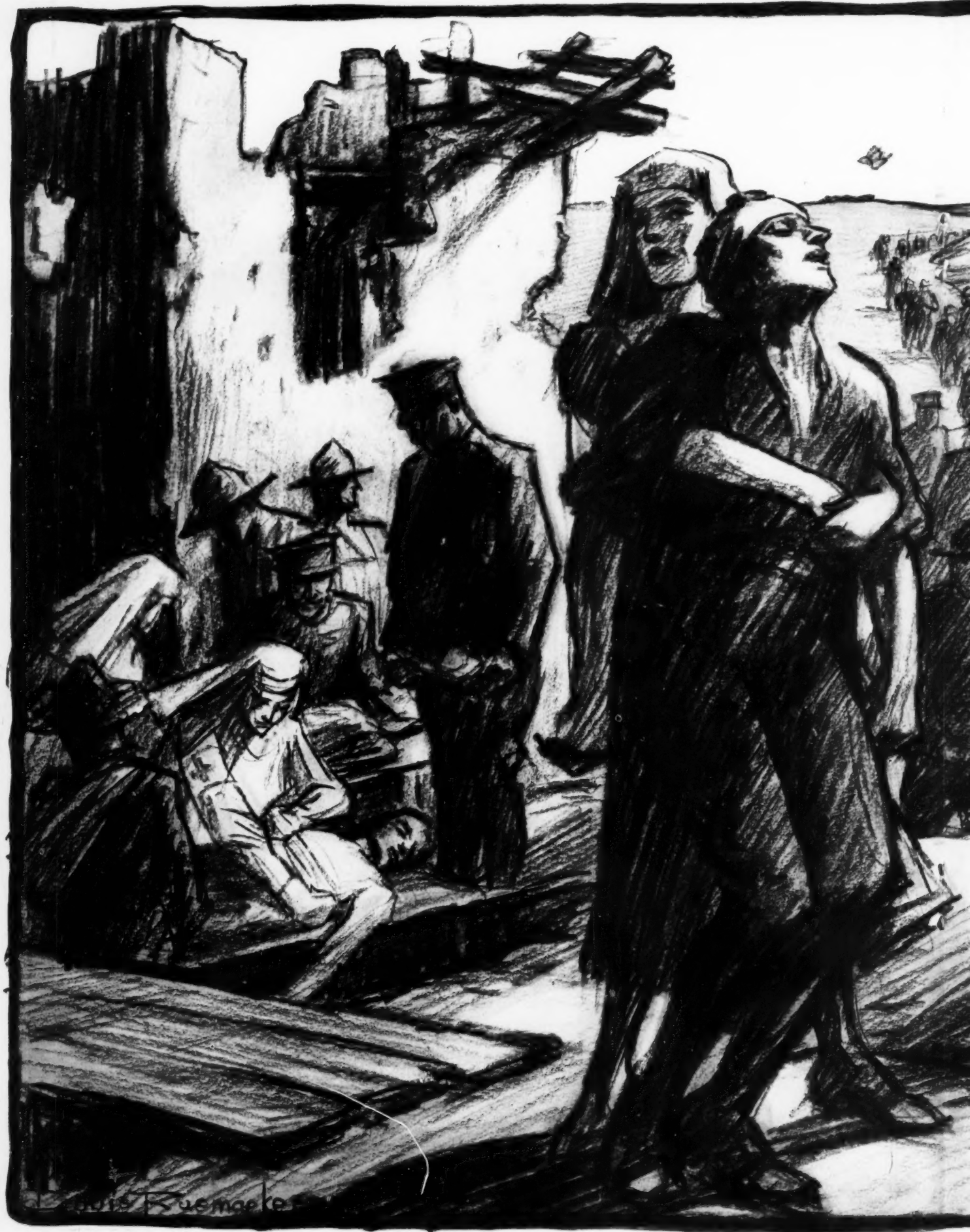
# Bubbles!

*Table U—make a note of it—is usually the vantage point at the Midnight Frolic from which the rare beauty of Miss Katherine Perry may be best observed.*



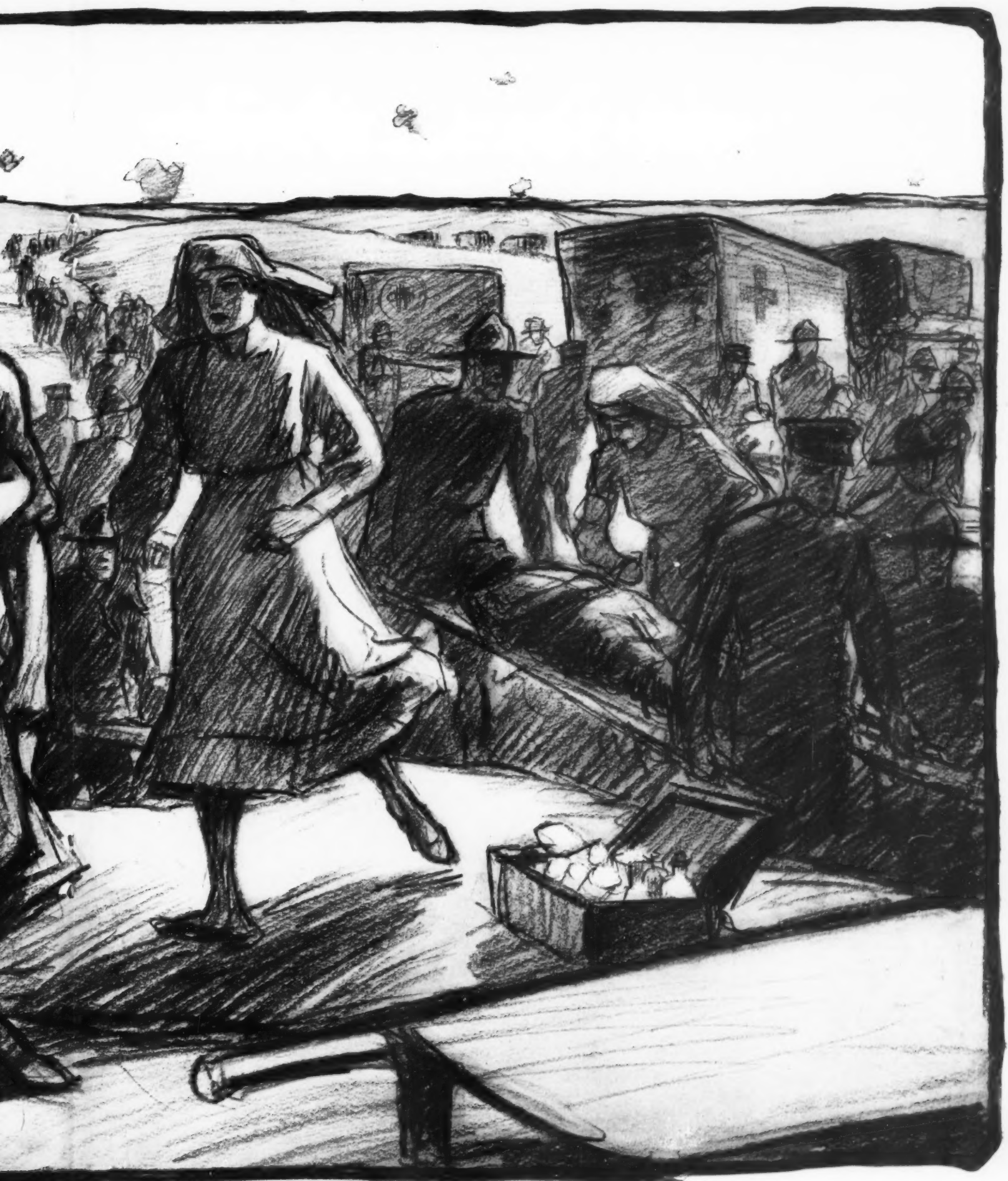
*Photos by  
Abbe*





Angels of Mercy





Mercy — by Raemaekers





*"If my wife should marry again," ran a clause in the will, "it would make me happy if she married my partner, Samuel Gordon."*

## Tales of the Town

### I. Being of Sound Mind

by BRUNO LESSING

TO anyone possessing a sense of humor there is always something comical in the idea of a man making his last will and testament. He, himself, passes to eternal quietude but he desires to leave behind him some of his power to mould events and affect destinies in this restless life. Frequently he succeeds and you see human beings spending their days under a yoke that is kept pressed upon their neck by a vanished hand. Sometimes it is beneficent, sometimes it is diabolical but, always, there is something subtly amusing about it. While it is possible that, at times, the testator himself is inspired by a humorous impulse it is absolutely certain that the last will and testament of Moses Sammish was prepared with the utmost solemnity. No ray of humor had ever been known to penetrate his soul. And yet—

"If my wife should marry again," ran a clause in his will, "it would make me happy if she married my partner, Samuel Gordon. He owes me \$10,000 which is due in one year from date. If he marries my widow I wish this debt to be cancelled. If not, this money is to be paid to the treasury of the Montefiore Benevolent Association."

Sammish died within a week after making his will. How the prospect of his widow marrying his partner could add to his happiness in a future state, is something that must be left to those who communicate with the spirit world, but it required no spiritualistic seance to demonstrate the fact that it flabbergasted his partner. To begin with, Sammish was past fifty when he died while

Gordon was only thirty. Furthermore, upon the few rare occasions when Gordon met his partner's wife the only thought that had entered his mind was: why had Sammish married her? And, further-still-more,—well, there was a she whose name was Leah and whose hair was like burnished gold and who always made Gordon marvel at his luck that she should notice such a worm as he. And here he was saddled with a choice between an unattractive, elderly widow and the loss of \$10,000—to say nothing of the probable complications that would ensue if Leah heard of the matter.

Gordon's wooing of Leah Mannes had been sudden, swift and triumphant. She was an orphan and lived with her aunt. Her hair was of gold but her temper—her spirit, Gordon fondly called it—was of more brittle metal. Being young, good-looking and possessed of money of her own, she was an exacting little miss and, fond as Gordon was of her, he felt that he never could be sure of her until they were married and he feared that if her pique were ever seriously aroused it might jeopardize his chances.

Lubinsky, the lawyer, had read the will in the presence of Mrs. Sammish, Gordon and Hyman Tarpitz, the president of the Montefiore Benevolent Association. At the reading of the fatal clause Tarpitz had carefully scrutinized the features of the widow and then, after a brief glance at Gordon, had smiled. And Gordon had seen this smile and had writhed in spirit. Then Lubinsky had said,

"It's now up to you people to decide what you

want to do. There is no hurry but, in the meantime, I guess the less said about it the better."

To this all had agreed. Then the widow had served tea and Gordon had departed. And, here he was, in his room, cursing the caprice which had prompted his partner to insert such a clause in his will. They had not been equal partners—Gordon's share of the profits having been less than half of Sammish's—but Gordon knew that he was growing more valuable to the business every month and had intended, when the payment of his debt came due, to suggest to his partner that some new arrangement be made whereby he would receive sufficiently more compensation to take care of his note. That Sammish would have agreed to this he never, for a moment, questioned. That Mrs. Sammish would never agree to it, was of equal certitude in Gordon's mind. After pondering over the situation for several hours without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, Gordon called upon Lubinsky, the lawyer.

"That was a hell of a will," he said, without preamble. Lubinsky shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm sorry you don't like it," he replied. "I drew it up."

"Oh, what you did was all right," Gordon hastened to explain. "I'm only thinking of Sammish. If he hadn't died I wouldn't have to pay that money. Even when I borrowed it he said he guessed we could fix it up some day."

"Well, you don't have to pay it," said Lubinsky. Gordon stared at him.

"How do you figure that out?" he asked.

"Didn't you hear me read the will? Marry his widow!" said the lawyer. Gordon wiped his forehead.

"With that face? I wouldn't do it for ten million dollars."

"Her face ain't so bad," said the lawyer. "She's a very kind-hearted lady."

"Sure she is," said Gordon. "I ain't got nothing against her so long as I don't have to marry her. But she ain't got any sense. Even Sammish was always saying that his wife didn't have sense enough to go in the house when it was raining." The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"It all depends," he said, "on how much you think of ten thousand dollars and how much you think of ladies' faces. But if you'll excuse me, I got work to do."

The next step that suggested itself to Gordon was to call upon Tarpitz, the president of the Montefiore Benevolent Association. The moment Tarpitz beheld his visitor he grinned.

"Well," exclaimed Gordon, defiantly, "what's funny about my coming here?"

"Nothing," replied Tarpitz, "only I expected it."

"Oh, you did, did you?" sneered Gordon. "And if it ain't asking you too much, what do you think I came for?"

"You came," answered Tarpitz, promptly, "to ask me if I didn't think it was a shame for Sammish to make such a will and if, maybe, there wasn't some way of your getting out of paying me ten thousand dollars."

Gordon's antagonistic glare melted away into a sheepish grin.

"Ain't there?" he asked. Tarpitz, still smiling, shook his head.

"The way the whole business strikes me," he said, "is, either you pay the money when it's due or you marry the widow." Gordon gazed at him contemplatively for a few moments and, then, his eyes began to narrow.

"If that's the case," he said, "nothing is left excepting to marry her." Tarpitz frowned.

"With such a face?" he inquired. Gordon drew himself up, haughtily.

"Mrs. Sammish, I'd like to have you know," he said, "is a fine-preserved lady. She may be a couple of years or so older, but what's that to me? Or, if you like it better—what's that to ten thousand dollars? Anyway, I want to tell you one thing." Gordon rose and laid his hand on Tarpitz's shoulder.

"Always keep one thing in your mind," he went on. "When it comes to a pinch and I got to pay ten thousand dollars to a bun, benevolent society or get married, you'd be surprised to see who I'd marry. I wouldn't care if she was black or green."

Whereupon he strode out of the room, leaving Tarpitz scratching his head and frowning.

To a philosopher, sitting aloof from life's turbulent activities but disinterestedly observant of the mainsprings of human action, there is nothing more fascinating than to watch the evolution of that psychological phenomenon which is flippantly called a "bluff." It affords the ideal study of the comparative psychology of two human beings. One bluffs. The other thinks he is bluffing, but is not sure. The first suspects that the other thinks he is bluffing and is not only determined that his adversary shall be convinced that he is not bluffing, but—and this is the whimsical part of it—gradually bluffs himself into the belief that he is in earnest. The attitude of each is based entirely upon his conception of the workings of the other's mind. Each looks upon the situation from the supposed standpoint of the other. If it is kept up long enough it always becomes a dizzy muddle.

Gordon became determined to prove to Tar-



"Oy, oy—an' now we'll be relations!"

pitz that he would not hesitate to marry the widow. It required considerable fortitude even to entertain the idea but there is a great deal of fortitude in \$10,000. He called upon her. Mrs. Sammish greeted him amiably.

"I got a letter from my cousin in Detroit," she said. "She says the weather is terrible out there. She hasn't been able to go shopping and she needs a lot of things for a wedding she is going to be maid of honor at. I'll never forget the time I was maid of honor. It was at Esther Altman's wedding. She married a man named Miller or Ruben or some such name. My mother—"

Mrs. Sammish was in the habit of rambling on like this by the hour. She spoke in a low, pleasing voice and it involved no strain upon her hearer's faculties to listen to her, although no one was ever known to pay attention to what she said.

"I suppose," said Gordon, interrupting her suddenly, "the only way I can save that money is to propose to you." Mrs. Sammish smiled.

"My cousin had a man propose to her last year," she said. "He was in the insurance business. He came from Canada. Was you ever in Canada? They say it's terrible cold up there."

Gordon departed without committing himself further and the first man he met upon the street was Tarpitz. It was now Gordon's turn to grin.

"I just come from Mrs. Sammish," he said. "D'ye know, when you take her all in all, she ain't so bad-looking. She's got a fine voice." Tarpitz's lips pressed tightly together.

"I hope you invite me to the wedding, anyway," he replied.

"Sure," said Gordon. "The more presents we get the better."

Gordon then called upon Leah Mannes. She greeted him so coolly that Gordon began to quake inwardly.

"Before you say a word," he began, hastily, "listen (Continued on page 30)



"I suppose," said Gordon suddenly, "the only way I can save that money is to propose to you." Mrs. Sammish smiled.



## From No-Man's Land



SAMMY: "Every time I hear one o' those 'heavies' hit, it reminds me of th' last time I asked the boss for a raise."



YANK (on night patrol between the lines): "'S that you, Jim?"  
A VOICE: "Ya wohl—ich bin Jim, wie befinden—sie—sich?"



Nobody home.



## Unconventional Portraits

by MARIUS DE ZAYAS



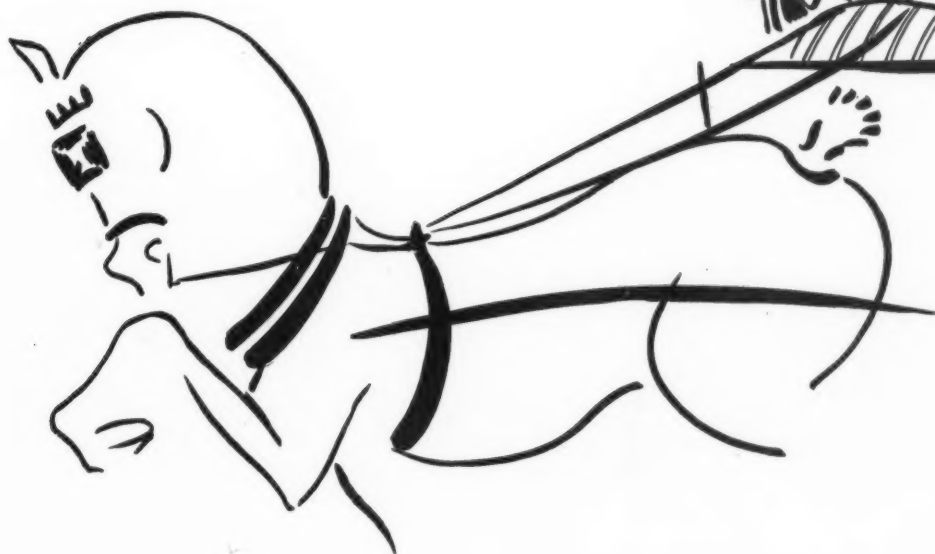
Having already acquainted our readers with the features of Mr. Vincent Astor, M. De Zayas has absolved himself from the charge of partiality by presenting here a modernist portrait of the other half of this interesting union.



Not only is Mr. R. Thornton Wilson related to pretty nearly every family of importance in New York's "400," but he could easily qualify as an example of that mysterious personage, "a man about town."



Why shouldn't Mr. George J. Gould be an adept on the ice, when he has a whole pond of his own down at Lakewood? And, of course, since Uncle Sam has gone into the railroad business, Mr. Gould has more time to practise than ever.



To picture Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt in any other pose than that of holding the ribbons over a high-action hackney would be an obvious libel—not only on Mr. Vanderbilt, but on the hackney as well.

# "For the Duration of the War"

by CRAWFORD YOUNG



Mrs. Leedin Lyte releases the third footman for some front or other and slooshes down the front steps with her own diamond-studded mop.



Mr. Vavasour Vane deems it a privilege to blue his own Mondays since the laundress has joined the Bronx Battalion of Death.



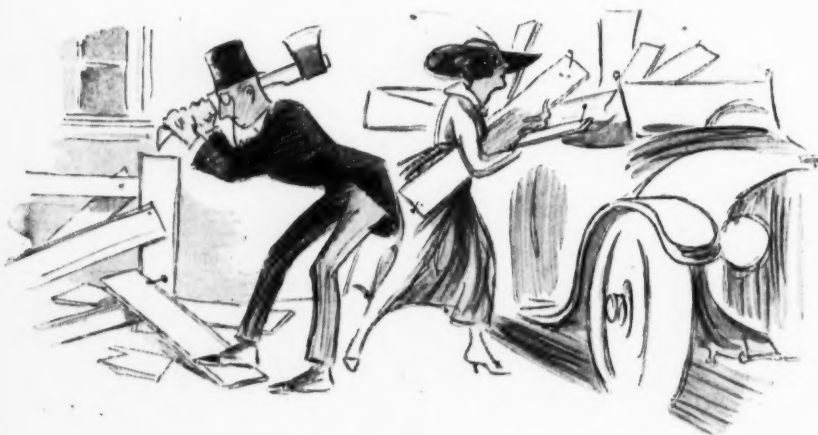
Mr. Cashin Hand gladly gives up making the club chef any extra trouble on meatless Tuesdays.



Having bestowed his office boy upon his country Mr. Banks-Hedd opens up himself at 8:30, a patriotic air on his lips.



Mrs. Goldie Bond, now her own mechanician, decides to reduce the stupid number of parts lurking within this hood



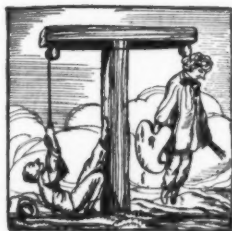
Whenever they chance to pass the Deadlee Ryvals on moonless evenings Mr. and Mrs. Saxe O'Coyne skilfully conserve some of the unguarded kindling.



The Christy-Sargeants go in for recapturing the devil-may-care Bohemianism of their early struggles.

# Taking Art Seriously

by BERNEY LEE



THE dominant note of the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is seriousness. Nowadays everything has a dominant note. Some dominant notes are better than others. Seriousness is one of the best dominant notes that ever dominated.

The first impression which the walled array of colored canvasses makes upon the beholder is that it is a casual affair. But as one studies the underlying motives of each creation the conclusion is forced upon the mind that the entire exhibition was premeditated. Yet what could be more natural? *In mundo non datur casus*—nothing happens by blind chance. Everything is worked out by some superintending power. Every picture in this exhibition was painted on purpose. For once in its history the Academy of Design has lived up to its name.

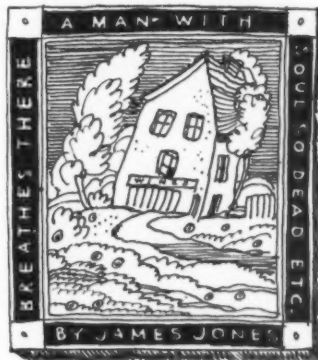
We may, therefore, accept the units of this exhibition at their parolitic value but they, in turn, have got to take the consequences. Otherwise it wouldn't be fair. So, without prejudice, let us wander from canvas to canvas, study the artist's intent, his technique, his prescience and penetrate into the soul of things. To do it fairly is, of course, an arduous task which calls into play the entire gamut of human emotions but it's better than being in the trenches.

You have to pay fifty cents to enter. As Kant aptly remarks, in his Critique of Pure Reason, "The cosmological idea is either too great or too small for the empirical regress in a synthesis, and consequently for every possible conception of the understanding." Personally, we think that a dime ought to be enough.

We are attracted by No. 57, a canvas by Tera George entitled "Helen." As we gaze at Helen's features our first impulse is to say, "No!" This, you must remember, casts no reflection upon Helen. It is about the only right that men have left. We have not the slightest doubt that she is an accomplished linguist, is good to her mother and knits for the soldiers. But as we think of the Ziegfeld Follies we can only shake our head sadly and say, with Socrates, "No, Helen!" The high lights, however, are not so bad.

We find ourselves before Sargent's portrait of John D. Rockefeller (No. 253). We hand it to Sargent. Any man who succeeded in being alone in a room with John D. long enough to paint his portrait, is a man to be envied. Who got the other's watch is entirely beside the point. Personally, we would give one of our few remaining back teeth to spend a couple of hours a day for a week alone in a room with John D. How we would come out is a matter of conjecture. We would be

willing, however, to take a chance. We have several grand schemes. We would also leave our watch at home. But the art and the coloratura in Sargent's work are altogether *aux epinards*. There is none of the naturalistic or academic representation of the Italian primitives in this



The dominant note of the Winter Exhibition is seriousness. Seriousness is one of the best dominant notes that ever dominated

work. Nor is there a vestige of the symbolism of spiritual imagination. Sargent is, first and foremost, a gentleman. The tag upon the painting announces the fact that the picture is owned by John D. Rockefeller, Esq. That is what is commonly called a foregone conclusion.

Close beside John D. hangs Anna Fisher's painting (No. 262) entitled "Still Life." We knew an Anna Fisher when we were a small boy playing in the puddles of Philadelphia. Her father had a stall in the Callowhill Market. We are afraid, however, that this is not the same Anna. We have had no luck of late.

"Still Life" is one of those delicate products of the brush that unfold a vista of the higher life. The picture shows a pot, a basket, four clam shells and some carrots. These form the *motif vis* of the foreground. In the background, half shrouded in the gloom of the *chiaro-scuro*, is an onion. It isn't at all bad.

Nos. 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276 and 277 aren't bad either. They might all be worse. Here art joins hands with life. There isn't a thing on earth, no matter how bad it is, that might not be worse. No matter what form of lingering death you select as your ideal, you have only to ponder over it for a month, to improve upon it.

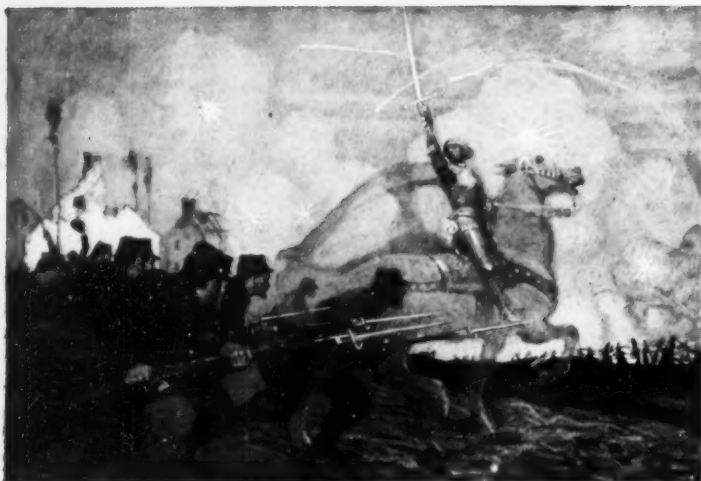
No. 278 is a portrait of N. R. M. It is painted by Helen McClain. N. R. M. is a man—incognito. We do not blame him. But, oh, Helen! Stroll past the Lambs' Club any evening between five and six and we'll show you some boys that will elevate your ideal of manly beauty. We usually drop in at 5:30. Not that we are stuck on ourself. Heavens, no! But, N. R. M.—bah!

Nos. 279 to 353 we skip. This must not be counted against them. We once strolled behind a little blonde in the Louvre, in Paris, and skipped Nos. 1 to 4603. And we have the highest regard for Murillo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Rubens and

all that crowd. But things sometimes happen just so. We've often skipped the whole Metropolitan Museum of Art. No. 354, however, commands attention. You could not enter the hall in which it hangs without observing it. We noticed it the very first thing. It is a landscape painting in the newest art. It represents either a house on a hill or a hill on a house. It is entitled "Gonzano." The title sounds like something that you take three times a day before meals—ten drops in water, increasing the dose until the throat feels dry. Still, it may be a place. If any picture in the show has atmosphere, this has. There is a penumbra naiveté in its craftsmanship that suggests the undertone of one of Palestrina's cantatas. The record works just as well back—

(Continued on page 29)





## The Miracle of the Marne

The battle of the Marne halted the rush of the Germans towards Paris. It aroused the French to superhuman bravery. They fought as if led by the spirit of the Maid of Orleans herself.

The Marne was a demonstration of the power of patriotism with its back against the wall. The same sacrifice of self, the same love of country and unity of purpose that inspired the French people must inspire us, and we must win the war.

We are sending our best manhood to fight for us. They must be armed, fed and clothed, cared for through sickness and wounds. This is the work of every individual as well as the Government.

It is the proud duty of the Bell System to coordinate its purpose and equipment to the other factors in our national industrial fabric, so that the manufacture and movement of supplies to our boys abroad be given right of way.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

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SEND your soldier or sailor boy a box of

## GENESEO JAM KITCHEN

jams and jellies. He will appreciate nothing more than these delicious sweets made from the choicest fresh fruits.

Wooden boxes containing 1/2 doz. 6 oz. jars of assorted jams and jellies will be sent, carriage prepaid, anywhere in France at

\$2.25

or anywhere in this country at

2.00

Write for price list of other delicacies prepared by the Geneseo Jam Kitchen to

MISS ELLEN H. NORTH  
GENESEO, N. Y.



## Lines Written on "Garfield Monday"

January 21, 1918



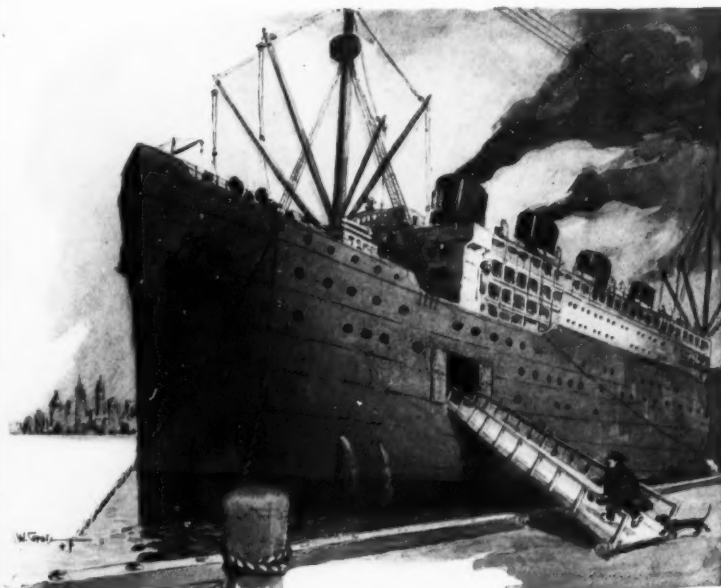
by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

**M**EAT-LESS and wheat-less and heat-less are we,  
But happy at heart as a bird in a tree—  
In the thought of the beauty  
Of doing our duty,  
Making safe the world for democracy.

What are five Mondays to shiver and shake,  
If we shiver and shake for democracy's sake?  
And, though we go meat-less,  
And languidly wheat-less—  
Is the sacrifice one so tremendous to make?

Leg-less and arm-less and eye-less there be,  
Thousands of heroes there over the sea,—  
Father-less, brother-less,  
Sister-less, mother-less:  
'Tis so *they* have wrought for democracy.

'Tis a 'nuisance' and tiresome enough, to be sure,  
But what a poor fraction it is to endure;  
What if we *are* coal-less,  
Would you rather be soul-less—  
Soul-less and heart-less, and safe and secure?



Depicting the annual exodus of American tourists flocking to Germany after the war.

PUCK



**A**LL closed and convertible Fisher Bodies are built, upholstered and painted complete in Fisher Body Corporation plants.

The growing demand for these types has been responsible for great, recent additions to the chain of plants which this Corporation operates in Detroit.

## Fisher Bodies

open, closed and convertible, are built in wide variety to the order of such discriminating manufacturers as Buick, Cadillac, Chalmers, Chandler, Ford, Hudson and Maxwell, and can be bought only as parts of completed motor cars.

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Detroit - Michigan



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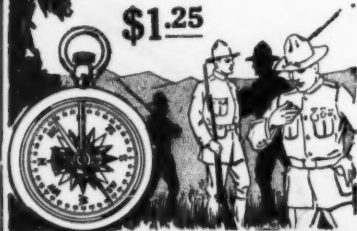
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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



THE NEW BOARDER: "Going out in the storm?"  
"No, going into breakfast—grapefruit today."

## The Bond That Jack Bought

by GELETT BURGESS

THIS is the Liberty Bond that Jack Bought

This is the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack Bought

This is the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the Army that retreated with the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the War Party that was demoralized by the Army that retreated with the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the Reichstag that grew sick of the War Party that was demoralized by the Army that retreated with the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the German People that commanded the Reichstag that grew sick of the War Party that was demoralized by the Army that retreated with the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the Peace that was demanded by the German People that commanded the Reichstag that grew sick of the War Party that was demoralized by the Army that retreated with the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the Democracy that grew strong in the Peace that was demanded by the German People that commanded the Reichstag that grew sick of the War Party that was demoralized by the Army that retreated with the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought

This is the League of Free Nations that was joined by the Democracy that grew strong in the Peace that was demanded by the German People that commanded the Reichstag that grew sick of the War Party that was demoralized by the Army that retreated with the German Company that was killed with the Shell that was bought with the Money that paid for the Liberty Bond that Jack bought





### A Hard Job

CASEY: Shure, Maloney is scared to death for fear he'll be drafted.  
McCARTY: Phwat's he afraid of?  
CASEY: He's a hod-carrier by trade an' someone is after tellin' him that some of these trench-mortars weigh a couple of tons.

### Taking Art Seriously

(Continued from page 25.)

wards. We suspect that this picture has been hung upside down.

We suddenly find ourself face to face with No. 187. It is by Mr. F. C. Frieske, N. A. The N. A. signifies that he is a member of the National Academy of Design and that anything that he paints has got to be exhibited. The complaint against him this time is entitled "Sleep." It portrays a lady in blue lying on a couch with her eyes closed. She may be asleep. And she may not. We are taking no chances. But blue is not becoming to the lady's complexion. And the painting is surrounded by a lot of impressionistic junk in every tint of the rainbow that could possibly jar on blue. So we advise the lady, if she is really asleep, to sleep on. Oh, Art! how many crimes are committed in thy name!

No. 143, "Westchester Hillside," was the last thing that we saw as we passed out. It is credited in the catalogue to Ernest Lawson, N. A. (Elect). Why he was electrocuted for this offense is beyond our understanding. Why not begin with those privateers who have put the price of gasoline so high that the chauffeur has to work the taximeter with his elbow?

Taking it all in all, by and large and on the whole, the winter exhibition of the Academy is a great success. It got fifty cents out of us.

### That Kid o' Mine

YOU orter see that kid o' mine  
Who uster work from six till  
nine,  
Hoin' potaters, rakin' hay,  
And whistlin' the whole durn livelong  
day.

Six feet two he was, and thin,  
And when he walked his toes turned  
in.  
He wasn't much on looks, I vow,  
But, gosh, you orter see him now.

When war come on he couldn't stay  
And see the others go away;  
So off he went, the fine young scamp,  
And joined that soldiers trainin'  
camp.

He isn't pigeon-toed no more,  
When he goes struttin' cross the floor  
With metal buttons on his chest  
And olive drab and all the rest.

And when he gets out there in France  
Old Kaiser Bill won't have a chance  
Of beatin' out that kid o' mine  
Who uster work from six till nine.

MAYSIE: What's Grace going to  
give Ethel for an engagement present?

DAYSIE: Oh, you know Grace has  
a marvelous collection of antiques. I  
believe she's going to give Ethel an  
old spoon.

MAYSIE: Cat!

A woman's heart is a suppressed  
newspaper which circulates secretly.



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After Dinner Stories  
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Price \$2.

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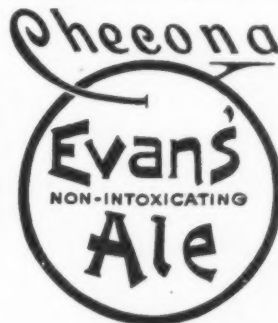
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there such need  
for a wholesome,  
sustaining, depen-  
dable beverage of  
the type of



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there a beverage  
that so completely  
and so generally  
met the demand  
of the times and  
a people.

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# Will You Help Keep the Kaiser off American Soil?

This is an extract from the declaration of principles of the newly founded League for National Unity:

**"Either we fight the enemy on foreign soil, shoulder to shoulder, with comrades in arms, or we fight on our own soil, backs against our homes, and alone."**

You have seen, in the illustrated papers, photographs which show what a country looks like after the Germans have finished with it. You have read of the violence, the brutality, the famine and pestilence which mark their retreat from soil they have occupied. Don't think invasion of the United States is impossible. It is impossible only if we make it so by sacrifice

Is there any sacrifice too great to keep the Kaiser off American territory?

With the help of American troops, the American navy, and American supplies and money, the war can be confined to European soil, and won there.

The purpose of the Liberty Loan is to back our army with the supplies and ammunition without which it cannot fight.

Shall we stand by our soldiers, our flag, and our country? Shall we help our Allies win the war now, or shall we permit them to lose it, and later be compelled to "fight on our own soil, backs against our homes, and alone?"

The whole world is awaiting our reply.

Make your answer now.

**Invest in Liberty Bonds**

**Liberty Loan Committee**

*Second Federal Reserve District*

**120 Broadway, New York City**

## Being of Sound Mind

(Continued from page 21)

to why I haven't called for the last three days."

"I'm listening," she replied, icily. Gordon wiped the perspiration from his forehead while his brain struggled frantically to concoct a plausible and convincing story.

"My partner died," he began.

"So you told me last week," interrupted Leah. And then came a flash of inspiration to Gordon.

"I just found out," he went on, "that he was interested in my getting married. He left me ten thousand dollars for a wedding present, only I mustn't tell a soul about it until I'm married." Leah clapped her hands with delight.

"Isn't that grand!" she exclaimed. "Then we can get married next month!" Gordon gasped.

"I've got to be very busy for the next month," he protested, feebly.

"So much the better," said Leah. "I'll have so many things to do that you'd only be in the way."

"The wedding's got to be a secret," said Gordon, determinedly.

"Is that in the will?" asked Leah, aghast.

"It's a queer will," said Gordon, evasively. "I had a talk with the lawyer and there's only one thing I'm sure of. If anyone knows we're going to be married next month I'll lose the money. No, dear, we'll be married quietly—only your relatives and mine—and we won't say a word till the last minute. Then you'll see, I'll be \$10,000 richer. Leah protested but Gordon advanced so many new reasons for secrecy that she finally yielded.

He now became an assiduous caller upon the widow Sammish. He smoked cigarettes by the hour listening to her endless stream of inconsequential prattle without paying the slightest heed to what she said. She had never had a listener like that and Gordon rose high in her esteem. Once he interrupted her. She was describing the difference between the preserved fruit that she bought in the market and the kind she put up herself.

"If you don't mind," said Gordon, "I'll call you Sarah and you call me Sam. Can I come for dinner tomorrow night?" Mrs. Sammish nodded and went on with her description. When he left the house Gordon dropped into Tarpitz's office.

"D'ye know," he said, "I've been asking questions about that Montefiore Benevolent Association and I think I'd like to join it. You never know what might happen to a man."

"A fine idea," said Tarpitz. "I'll propose you myself."

"Could I use your telephone a moment?" asked Gordon and, when Tarpitz had nodded assent, called up Mrs. Sammish.

"Oh, Sarah," he said, in a casual

tone, "I forgot to ask if you wouldn't be good enough to have some of those liver dumplings for dinner tomorrow. Yes? That's lovely of you. All right. Good-bye!" He turned to the frowning Tarpitz and, with a smile, said,

"D'ye know, that woman can get up the finest dinner in New York." Tarpitz stroked his long, black beard studiously for several minutes and then clapped Gordon upon the back.

"Look—ahere," he said. "What's the use of two friends like us having a difference over a small thing like ten thousand dollars. Suppose we compromise it?"

"How d'ye mean, compromise?" asked Gordon, suspiciously.

"Supposing you pay \$5,000 to the association and marry who you like. Ain't that fair?"

"Fair?" sniffed Gordon. "I should say not. D'ye mean to say you don't want me to marry Mrs. Sammish? Because, if you do, I'll tell you right here, not a man living is going to interfere with my getting married."

"But she's so old that—"

"Hush! Not a word against Sarah Sammish!" And Gordon strode haughtily from the office. For the next week he saw to it that, by devious ways, Tarpitz should become aware of the attention he was paying the widow. He took a photographer to her house under the pretext that he was anxious to have a crayon enlargement from her photograph. While he was posing her in a chair, he stood behind her with one hand upon her shoulder. Then he winked to the photographer who promptly squeezed the camera bulb. After that Mrs. Sammish insisted upon being photographed in a half dozen different poses, each of which required a change of costume but Gordon had no further interest in the performance. The next day he showed Tarpitz the picture.

"Don't she look twenty years younger?" he asked. Tarpitz gritted his teeth.

"Maybe, if you was blind," he replied, sarcastically. "But when a man got that spooney giggle on his face, like you in the picture, I guess he don't see straight."

"Tarpitz," said Gordon, gravely, "the eyes see through the heart."

For a moment this bit of wisdom staggered Tarpitz. Then, a smile came to his face and he rubbed his hands.

"Look-a here, Gordon," he said, in a jovial voice, "to hell with that will. You write me out your check for two thousand dollars and we'll call everything square. You marry the widow or anybody else you like. Marry a dozen of them. Only you'll be free to do what you like and the

(Continued on page 31)



# Being of Sound Mind

(Continued from page 30)

association will get something out of it." Gordon laughed.

"Didn't the will say I shouldn't have to pay you a cent if I married the lady? And didn't I prove to you that she's a—peach? What d'ye think I am? Meshugeh?"

"But two thousand dollars—you save eight!" protested Tarpitz.

"I save ten," said Gordon, with a chuckle. "Did you get me elected in the association yet?"

"The election is to-night," said Tarpitz. "We hold a meeting."

"I'll drop in a day or two," said Gordon. The following day he went with Leah to the marriage bureau and obtained his license. That night they dined together and discussed the plans for their wedding. They had selected the following Sunday for the ceremony.

"I told my aunt about it this morning," said Leah. "She was awfully mad because we weren't going to have a big wedding. And I wrote to my cousin in Philadelphia to come over and to Uncle Hyman."

"Who's Uncle Hyman?" asked Gordon. "I never heard you speak of him before."

"Oh, he's only a distant uncle—a half-brother of my mother," explained Leah. "I haven't seen him for a long time. His name is Hyman Tarpitz."

Yes. It is true. There are emotions that occasionally arise in the human breast which cannot be described. The chief reason for this probably is that the operation of the brain ceases for the duration of these emotions and the mind cannot intelligently grasp its own sensations. Something like this happened to Gordon. He felt his senses reeling. Leah asked him if he felt ill. He did.

"It must have been the soup," she suggested. "Maybe you'd better see a doctor. I can get home by myself."

"I guess that's the best," assented Gordon. He departed hastily. During the walk to Tarpitz's house he managed to regain control of himself. Tarpitz seemed surprised to see him.

"I was getting worried," explained Gordon. "Excuse me for bothering you at your house."

"Ah!" exclaimed Tarpitz, his face lighting up. "Did you decide to compromise?"

"Compromise?" repeated Gordon, dully. "Oh, you mean about that will? Bosh! Get it out of your head. I was thinking about my election to the association. You see, when a man is getting married, he ought to join a benefit society for his wife's sake. You never can tell what could happen to a fellow."

"Oh, you were elected all right," said Tarpitz impatiently. "But, look-a here, Gordon, why don't you

act reasonable? You're saving ten thousand dollars. Why shouldn't you give two thousand to the Montefiore? I ask you like a man."

"But when I don't have to?" retorted Gordon.

"Come. We'll make it fifteen hundred," said Tarpitz, coaxingly. "What's fifteen hundred dollars to a man like you?"

"Fifteen hundred fiddlesticks," said Gordon. "Look, Tarpitz, I just want to give you a peep at something so you can see how you are wasting your breath." Gordon drew from his pocket the marriage license, held it up to Tarpitz's face for an instant and then returned it to his pocket.

"One thousand dollars!" said Tarpitz, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Forget it!" said Gordon. "What I want to ask is, how much does it cost to be a life member by the Montefiore? The reason I ask is, I hate to pay dues every month. I might forget it. It's better to pay up everything on the spot."

"It costs two hundred and fifty dollars," said Tarpitz. "Why don't you listen to reason? Couldn't you make a present to the Montefiore treasury of—say five hundred dollars? What's that to you? You save ten thousand."

"Save ten thousand?" repeated Gordon. "Say, let me tell you something. I never worked so hard for ten thousand dollars before in my life." A servant entered the room and handed Tarpitz a letter. Gordon recognized Leah's handwriting and a quick chill ran down his spine. He hastily looked at his watch.

"Listen, Tarpitz," he said, rising. "Mrs. Sammish is waiting for me and I can't stay a minute. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. You make me a life member of the Montefiore. See? And just because you're a good sport and—er—wanted to let me off easy—don't you see?—I'll give you five hundred dollars altogether for the life membership and for that release from the will—you understand, don't you?—not because I got any use for it, but so's you can show the other fellows in the association what a foxy fellow you are. And, some day, when I want to run for some office in the Montefiore, I expect you to support me."

"Sure," said Tarpitz, "wait till I read this letter."

"I got just one second to wait," said Gordon, quickly. "Here's my fountain pen. Write out a receipt for five hundred dollars for a life membership and payment in full of my debt whenever it comes due to the Montefiore. Here's five hundred dollars in cash. Hurry, now! A man who's getting married ain't got much time."

(Continued on page 32)

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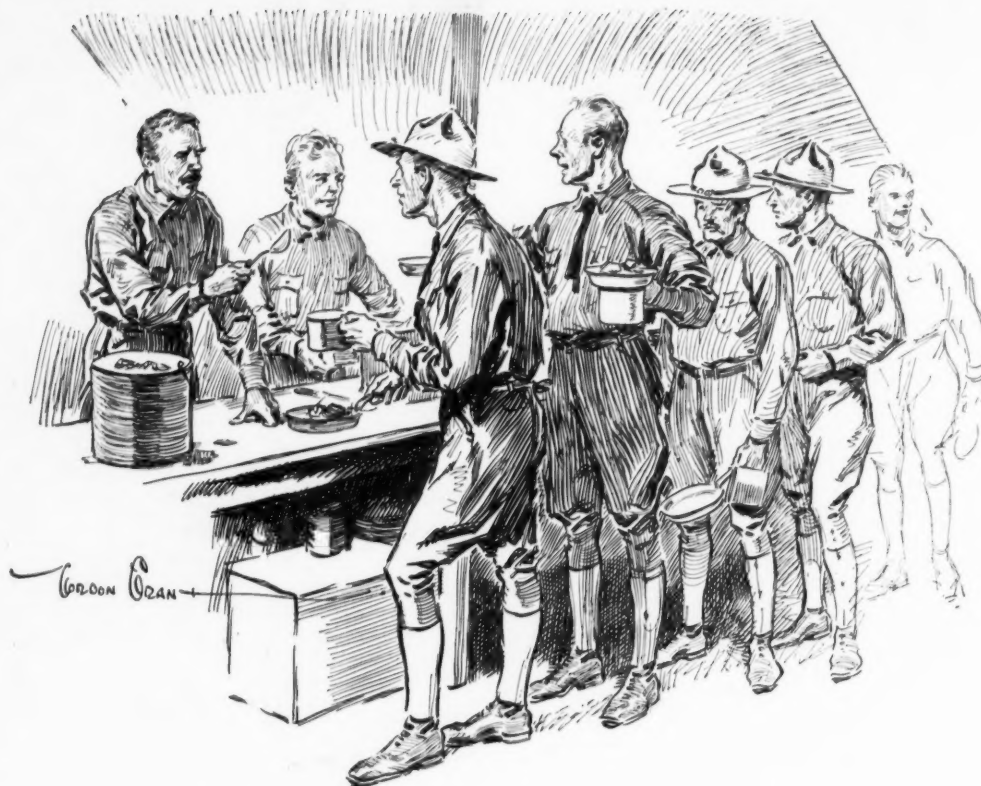
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**PRIVATE JONES:** Say, Sergeant, don't we get any jam today?

**MESS SERGEANT:** Jam? Say, where do you think you are—back in jail?

## How to Win the War

(Continued from page 10)

Holland in equally small and unnoticed groups over the German frontier on cloudy nights into Germany. Once in Germany, let these groups of bedraggled and hungry looking fellows follow two strategic moves. First, having seen to it that before leaving the United States each man is equipped with a small bottle of rose-water and glycerine and a small medicine dropper, instruct each man to drop two drops of the rose-water and glycerine into the corners of each of his eyes. These drops of rose-water and glycerine will look (as they look in the case of our movie actresses) like big tears and will give each of the men a wistful and heart-touching pathos. Now that the men have given themselves the essential mien, let them in groups of two or three hang around the backyards of the hausfrauen, and see to it that the kitchen door of every hausfrau in the Empire is covered.

The husbands, obviously enough, will all be away at the front and, since women are easy marks and very much quicker to succumb to the "sympathy" strategy than men, the Coxey plan should work vastly better in Germany at the present time than it did in America, where all the husbands were at home and unsympathetically told their wives that Coxey's militiamen were dirty bums and if they didn't beat it out of the

backyard quick, they, the husbands, would take 'em by the seat of the pants and throw them over the fence. Thus, with all the German husbands away, the Allied armies, in these groups of two and three, will have a comparatively easy time wringing the hearts of the sentimental German wives and persuading the latter to give them hand-outs of such substantial titbits as *Suss-sauer kalbskeule mit puréekartoffeln, rinderbrust mit meerrettich und wirsingkohl, wiener roastbraten mit krebsschwanzchen auf gebratenes sardellenbutter, junge Hamburger gans mit apfelmus und teller rubchen und neuer geraucherter winter-rheinlachs mit emmkahlsauce*, to say nothing of occasional hand-outs of such minor delicatessen as *kohlrabiklopsen mit bouillonreis und pellkartoffeln, pokelrinderzunge auf garnierter weissbrodschnitte and marinierter zander mit hollandischersauce*. Then—after these hand-outs have kept up for, say, three or four weeks, and before the sinister strategy dawns on the hausfrauen, the Allied armies will have eaten all the surplus food in Germany and the German soldiers at the front will suddenly find themselves not only without food, but with no chance of getting any more! And thus will the German forces be starved into surrender and will the Allied arms achieve an almost immediate and overwhelming victory!

## Being of Sound Mind

(Continued from page 28)

Tarpitz sat down and laboriously wrote out the required receipt. Gordon stood behind him, clutching the back of the chair for support. When Tarpitz handed him the receipt he read it carefully, heaved a deep sigh and tucked the paper into his pocket.

"I'll see you at the wedding, old man," he said. "Now I want to shake hands with you because we always got to be good friends. You're a fine man and maybe, some day, you and I can do some good business together. But you got to get up earlier in the morning and see a dentist about your eye-teeth." Tarpitz, somewhat puzzled, escorted his visitor to the door.

"Good-night, Gordon!" he said. "Good luck."

"Good night, Uncle!" said Gordon, cheerily, as he descended the stairs.

"Uncle!" muttered Tarpitz, as he returned to his room. "That young fellow got plenty of nerve." He then opened the letter which he still held in his hand. He had to read it several times before the full significance of its contents dawned upon him. Slowly, he sank into a chair, still gazing at the letter but without reading a word of it. Then, with his clenched fist, he smote himself upon the forehead.

"Nine thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars bamboozled!" he moaned. "Oy! Oy! Oy! And now we'll be relations! Oy! Oy!"



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Thou'rt like unto an onion,  
So round and plump and white;  
I pray that God may keep thee  
So pure and sweet a sight.

Thou'rt like unto a bread slice,  
So white and thin and small;  
I pray that God will help thee  
To keep on earth at all.



MAJOR: "Fine work, my boy, I ought to promote you; what is your trade?"  
PRIVATE: "Before I joined I was a fur-trapper, sir!"

## A Tiger Rose Without a Thorn

(Continued from page 15)

quite see where her fame came in. I suppose that I represent the young generation, which, you always say, must resent the judgment of the older generation sometimes. I quite see where the magnificent authority of Madame Bernhardt occurred, and she has gripped and held me entranced. It seemed to me rather pitiful to see such an artist appearing amid such settings. I could see the joins in the scenery, and all the makeshifts, but in spite of that I revelled in every Bernhardt performance I witnessed. Then I met her, and I suppose I was prejudiced in her favor. She was so charming to me and she didn't even know me. I was just a nobody, and she was the great actress. Yet she made me feel comfortable; she was delightfully cordial, and I shall never forget our meeting."

Miss Ulric was most enthusiastic on this subject, and extremely interesting. The Divine Sarah certainly has her supporters among the young actresses of the American stage.

"If I only had a past," sighed Miss Ulric presently, "I could be so much more interesting. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, if you would talk about it," I replied, "but you wouldn't."

"How do you know?" she persisted. "I might be proud of it."

"Then you would be tremendously original," I told her.

"Well, I am too young to have a past," she said laughing. "Perhaps I shall annex one, and then when you come to see me, I'll talk it over with you. How would you like that?"

"By the time that you acquire a past, where shall I be?" I asked pathetically, though it was rather rude to assume that she might acquire one.

"It all depends when the past occurs," declared Miss Ulric. "Any way I'll drop you a line and let you know—and then, I promise to be thrillingly entertaining, and you'll love your visit."

I

Immortality: the theory that life is a rough ocean voyage and the soul a club breakfast.

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**BIJOU** 45th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:15.  
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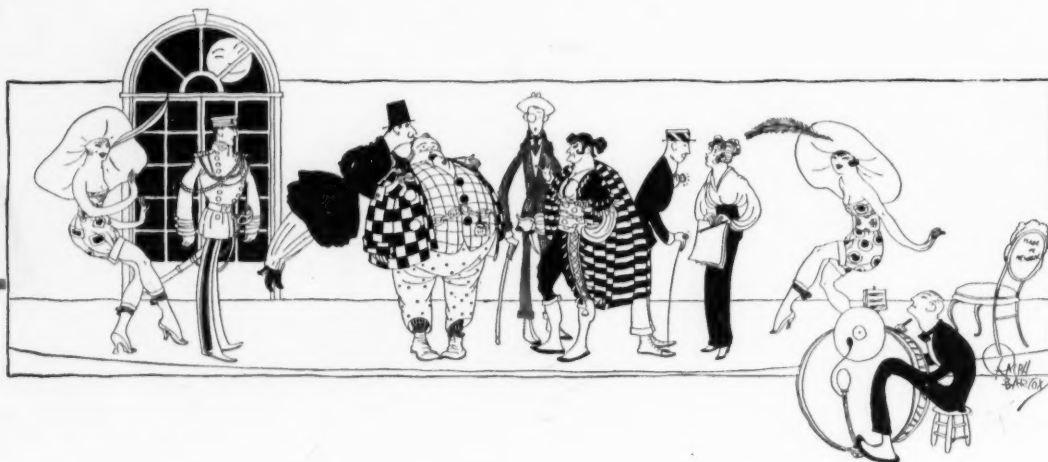
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